



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

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Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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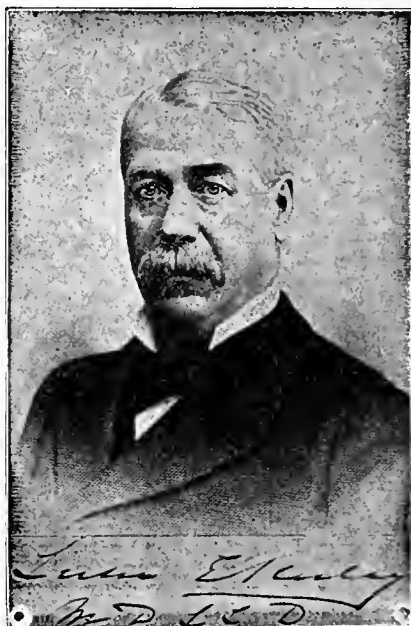
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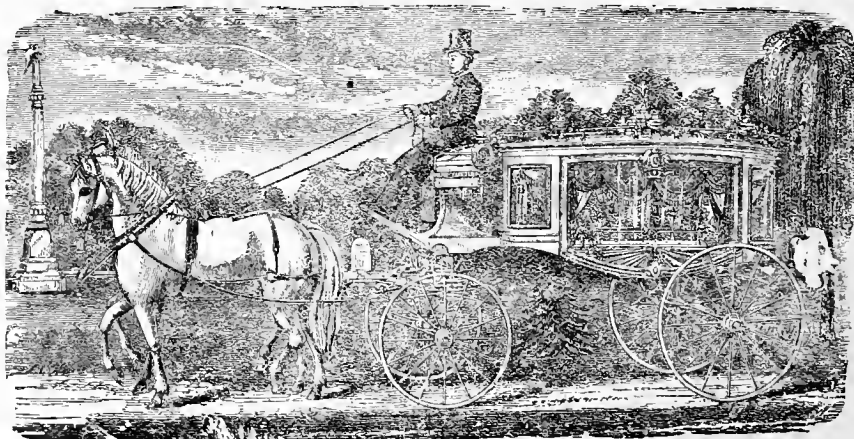
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VOL. XXXII. SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1897.

No. 2

HISTORICAL ENGLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Dover is essentially a military town and is strongly fortified. To the casual observer, one would not imagine what

well developed American gall, after climbing the hills one can get past the red coated sentries whose number is legion and gain admission to the citidal Fort Burgoyne and the Castle. Earthworks



SEA SIDE PROMENADE.

an impregnable place it is. A visit to the heights is a revelation to the un-initiated. With the judicious co-mingling of an English accent and a

abound on all sides whilst guns of heavy calibre frown on one from unexpected quarters. There is a perfect maze of trenches some thirty feet deep, spanned

by drawbridges. One gains admission to the citidal by means of a winding tunnel through the side of the hill. Once within, the strength of the position is apparent; there is room enough to quarter a veritable army free from exposure whilst from on all sides the sea and land can be swept with a storm of death dealing projectiles, that form such an important part of modern warfare. About 100 yards from the edge of the cliff is a depression in the ground surrounded by a neat fence. An ordinary observer would probably think it a dry pond. A closer investigation, however, reveals the outlines of an ancient foundation. A sign board further informs the stranger that here stood the church of those hardy old Crusaders, the Knights Templars with whom Sir Walter Scott has so familiarized us in his standard old novel, *Ivanhoe*—also the church bears historical interest as being the spot where King John of Magna Charta fame met the Papal Legate from Rome in the year A. D. 1213. But by far the most interesting building is to be found upon the opposite hill in the form of the celebrated Roman Pharos Tower which is the oldest building in England, having been erected by the Romans soon after their first invasion in the year B. C. 54. The only portion of Roman work now visible is the lower part of the pharos, or ancient lighthouse, which is built of flint and tufa, with Roman tiles. It is octangular in shape, but the upper half is of more recent date.

It is a stirring sensation to gaze upon those old scarred walls and contemplate a structure raised up by those sturdy old history makers whose posterity in the next generation perchance nailed our Savior to the cross, participated in the terrible seige of Jerusalem, hob-

nobbed with Mark Anthony and criticised Cleopatra's charms.

We as school boys sometimes vaguely look upon these incidents of early history as transpiring at such a remote date as to be classified amongst the legends. The pharos Tower stands about forty feet high, its walls at the base being not less than ten feet thick, leaving an open space inside about 14 paces across. Adjoining the Tower some fifty feet distant is the ancient church of St. Mary, generally believed to be of Romano—British work; of course like all ancient churches it was a Roman Catholic place of worship. During the commonwealth the stern old fanatical Roundheads under Oliver Cromwell went throughout England, tearing down the shrines, images and unroofing the churches and cathedrals, and otherwise demolishing anything that smacked of Rome, St. Mary's shared that fate and for years stood as a monument of vandalism on the part of those stern old warriors, some of whom subsequently left their native land of religious intolerance crossed in the Mayflower, and broke the virgin soil of the New England States. During this century St. Mary's was restored by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, R. A., and is now used as an Episcopal Church for the benefit of the soldiers stationed in the Fort.

Dover Castle which adjoins the church is open to visitors and is well worth a visit; it was originally a Roman fortress, and has gradually arisen from Anglo Saxon and Norman work, and has always been looked upon as one of the principal defences of the country. It contains a garrison of some 600 red coats, and is situated on a cliff some 300 feet high, occupying a space of some 35 acres of ground. There is a big collection of exhibits that are of interest, in-

cluding old weapons, armor, Queen Elizabeth's "pocket pistol"—an ancient cannon 24 feet long presented to that queen by the states of Holland—together with rooms full of modern rifles of the latest pattern to the number of 100,000.

General Sir Wm. Butler, the commander of the post, also resides at the Castle, and outside of his title and position he is interesting as being the husband of the lady who painted that picture so familiar to us all, viz., "Roll Call." Dover is replete with old churches, time worn and weather beaten with the storms of ages. Each and everyone has associations that would furnish material for a dozen articles. They are all very small. Still judging from the number of ancient and modern places of worship Dover ought to be a very sanctimonious place. The registers of several of the churches date back to the year 1500, which makes them invaluable helps to the searcher after genealogies.

Dover's town hall is a unique building, and was originally built in the year 1200 odd by Hubert de Burgh, as an ancient hospital and church, that to this day bear the name of the Maison Dieu (house of God). After the suppression of the hospice the premises shared the fate of the Castle church, being devoted to the lowest and most ordinary secular purposes. The church was turned into a brewery and bakery, whilst the main building was used for Government stores. In 1831 a part of the church was removed by the Board of Ordinance, who five years later put the whole buildings up for public auction. The municipality of Dover bought them in and converted them to a much more suitable purpose of public offices and Town Hall. The old Benedictine Priory founded in 1139 still stands, fragments of the old Norman

arches abutting the street. It has of course been renovated and remodeled and is now used as a college for boys, who desecrate its sacred precincts with marbles, tops, football, cricket and other games. There is not a nook or corner of old Dover that could not a tale unfold. Old houses black with age and built of flint stones, low carved doorways to enter which you have to step down from the sidewalk, miniature windows containing small panes of glass, the roofs being covered with moss dotted red tiles and chimney pots that to the Philistine look like a stack of red tomato cans. Dover boasts of a population of 35,000; and in addition there is a large floating aggregation of visitors who make the well known Lord Warden Hotel their headquarters. On its narrow thoroughfares the British tar, the French count, the globe trotting American and representatives from every nation rub shoulders with the picturesque Kentish fisherman or farmer whose peculiar dialect sounds strange to an American ear. Presently the familiar strains of "Marching through Georgia" strike upon the ear accompanied with the steady tread of a thousand feet. For a moment you wonder if Uncle Sam has come over to enquire into the Venezuelan question, then round the bend comes a regiment of red coated British soldiers (or "Tommy Atkins" as they are called) in an array of color equipment and martial bearing that fills one with admiration for the gallant fellows. Dover, besides being a point of embarkation for the continent, and a military post, has pretensions as a seaside resort, and boasts of a fine granite promenade along the sea shore, together with a pier and a public town band, (the least said about the latter the better though). During the summer season, visitors take a vacation from the

cares and worries of the great metropolis London and hie themselves to the seaside, and indulge in a dip in the brine. I am afraid an unsophisticated American would be intensely shocked at the sight of a Britisher taking his bath. The first proceeding is to go down to the beach and pay sixpence (12 cents.) You are then handed a couple of towels, and a curious strip of material called bathing drawers which are manufactured out of about one half a yard of flimsy gaudy material, then you are escorted to an enclosed wagon called a bathing machine, which is drawn into the surf and you are left to your own devices. After undressing, you don your loin cloth, and if you have the hardihood you step out in your blushing beauty, whilst the odd couple of thousand people on the parade admire your Adonis like form, and make a mad break for the friendly sea, only to be rudely thrown down upon an accommodating rock by a sportive wave, of course when you get into deep water all is plain sailing, or rather swimming. The ladies have the same experience, only they attire themselves in a combination suit of some thin material that fits as well as a gunny sack, until after they get wet when they fit rather too well. As no English girl is anything of a swimmer they are consequently provided with a rope to cling to, and there they stand shivering in the surf, at one moment up to their waists, and as the wave recedes leaving them high and wet on the beach, anything but a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is also etiquette to scream with transports of delight as each affectionate wave hits them in the small of the back, whilst the "Willie boys" stand on the shore smoking huge pipes and making derogatory remarks. I fancy none of our American girls, much less Utahnians,

could ever be induced to make such exhibitions of themselves. And yet these English maids and matrons are the pink of propriety and look upon their American sisters with pious horror.

Geo. E. Carpenter.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A Story of Four Mormon Girls.

"So you girls have been up to Brother Gilbert's to get your patriarchal blessings, have you?" said Chatty Briggs, as she met three of her girl friends on one of the quiet streets of the village of N—— one balmy afternoon in September, 187—.

"Yes," responded Rintha Rivers, "and they are fine, too. Ar'nt you going up to get yours?"

"No, I think not. I don't much believe in patriarchal blessings; they are all so much alike that I'll wager I could tell about all he told any of you without looking at them at all." She deliberately seated herself on a grassy mound under a spreading box elder on the sidewalk, and motioning her companions to do likewise, resumed: "You have to buy them, you know, and papa says that is a good deal like they do in the Catholic Church with their indulgences."

"Oh, Chatty!" interrupted sweet Jean Stuart, and her strong feeling at her friend's heresies made her voice tremble. "I hope you do not really mean all you say, for the blessings are free to all, it being the custom only for those who are able to help the patriarch, who is an aged man and has his traveling expenses to pay and himself and wife to support."

"Oh, I think it would be so much more fun to get one of those wandering gypsies to tell your fortune. They tell

you all about your future husband," and Chatty's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"One of them stepped up into our door the other evening when Rhoda's peach-cutting was in full blast. I suppose she was attracted by the racket and clatter of tongues and tin pans. 'For just one dollah I tell you all about your future husband. Wont you have your fairchin told, lady? Lady, wont you have your fairchin told?'" repeated Chatty, with a sing-song voice, and a perfectly serious face, which set the two Stuart girls off into peals of laughter, but a shadow crept over Rintha's expressive features.

"Will Holt was there—you know what a six-foot specimen of overgrown boyhood Will is,—and I took him by the arm and sidled bashfully up to where the woman stood.

"She looked from one to the other with a puzzled expression, and finally admitted that the fates had decreed that we two should never marry. She was going on about blasted hopes and blighted lives when Will got even with me by interrupting her with, 'Never mind, old lady; try to console yourself on my lucky escape. This lady (indicating me) happens to be my aunt.'

"Father and mother smiled and the youngsters simply hooted, and the disgusted fortune-teller beat an angry retreat."

"Would you have given her a more pleasant reception if your companion had been Fred Loveless instead of Will Holt?" queried Agnes Stuart, with a roguish glance at Chatty.

"Oh, I don't know," and Chatty's merry face sobered.

"Oh, you don't believe she could tell you anything about the future?" questioned Rintha.

"They do hit it sometimes."

"Oh, well, it would be hard for them when they say so much not to hit the truth sometimes. I have heard that the evil one himself can prophesy. The question is whether he will tell you anything that will do you any good. I cannot see what advantage it would be to anyone to be informed that he had a mole on his left arm or a wart on his right ankle, and I think by allowing such people to tell your fortune, even if you did not really believe what they said, it might cause you disagreeable feelings, especially if the fortune-teller predicted anything evil.

"On the other hand, your work in life and your destiny can be pronounced upon your head by the spirit of prophecy held by the patriarch through the power of the Priesthood. The very touch of his venerable hands upon your head, will cause such a thrill of belief and joy to pervade your whole being, that is the very opposite of the feeling you have in the presence of those who predict through the black art.

"I wish you had been with us this afternoon. I believe it would have made you feel differently."

"Why, Rintha," said Agnes, who had been closely watching her friend, "I never saw you so much in earnest. One would think you had yourself experienced those feelings you describe. You never allowed any fortune-teller to predict your future, did you?"

"No," and the shadow crossed her face again, "but the greatest fright of my life was brought about through going to a house where a man had agreed to tell the young peoples fortunes. But, to begin at the beginning;

"You know that a few years ago in the wild west, a person did not always have to furnish credentials as to his character or capacity to be installed as

teacher in a public school, so one fine morning, not long after mamma died, and before papa moved into this neighborhood, a stranger, out of a job, came into the town and applied to the mayor for the position of public school teacher.

"I do not know whether there were any trustees at that time or not, but if there were they could not have amounted to much, for he obtained the coveted position at once, without a semblance of an examination, and opened school the next Monday morning with about forty little innocents under his charge.

"Auntie, who revered book learning (never having been privileged with much herself) was determined that I should have every opportunity the town afforded for an education, and so, with my books under my arms, 'I marched off to the school house.

"Well, I don't know what the other children thought of the teacher, but as for myself, his bold, black eyes and his face scarred as from numerous encounters at fisticuffs, made him perfectly revolting to me. I avoided coming in contact with him as much as possible, and with a child's natural shrinking from a disagreeable subject, never mentioned my impression of him to my father. I soon discovered that he could not do a simple example in arithmetic which made me dislike him more than ever, and the fierce glare of his black eyes when I innocently attempted to jog his memory made me shudder with mingled fear and repugnance.

"Things went on in a slipshod sort of way for something over a week, when one evening Auntie consented for me to go home with a playmate to stay over night.

"We played along over the hills, and lingered gathering wild flowers until it was almost dark when we reached her

home, and when we entered the house we were surprised to find quite a group of young men and women there, who were shortly afterward joined by our teacher. We soon learned that he had been invited to Brother Gordon's for the express purpose of telling the young people's fortunes. None of their parents were aware of this, however, and you must know that, though Brother Gordon and family had a name in the Church, they did not care much for its principles. They and the young ladies and gentlemen seemed to think it a fine lark, and of course we two little girls thought it was going to be rare fun, too.

"Just as everything was ready for the teacher to begin, we were horrified by his falling backward on the floor in a fit, writhing terribly. Ugh! I shudder now, when I think of his horrible contortions. Brother Bartch, who had struck up an acquaintance with him on account of both having served in the army, had just come in, and he and Brother Gordon worked over him a long time before he recovered sufficiently to sit up.

"The young folks had all made themselves scarce in a hurry, and when Brother Bartch got ready to go home he tucked my hand under his arm and said: 'Come to my house and sleep with Maud; it is too far for you to go home tonight.'

"So I went home with him, and thoroughly exhausted after all the excitement I had undergone, slept quietly and soundly.

"The news of that night's escapade soon reached the ears of the Bishop who speedily conferred with the mayor, and the result was that our teacher was promptly ousted from his position on the grounds of incompetency and general

unsuitability, and I never saw him again.

"It was many months before I entirely recovered from the shock I had received. I, who had been such a brave fearless child, and had more than once been all over the town alone at midnight, for help when mamma was sick, was afraid of my shadow. I imagined that the teacher had entertained a malignant hatred toward me, and would do all he could to injure me, because I had so disliked him. Auntie often had to take me in bed with her, and I would wake up in the night, shaking with terror from the dreadful dreams I had had.

"I never fully conquered those feelings until after I had my endowments and I never felt a pang of them afterward, which was a great testimony to me of the goodness of God and the power of the Priesthood.

"There, girls, you have my story, and know now why I so much dislike to hear young people talk of having their fortunes told."

Impulsive Chatty threw her arms around her neck and exclaimed: "Oh, Rintha, I will never have my fortune told as long as I live!"

"But you will have your patriarchal blessing, will you not, Chatty," said Jean, whose eyes were full of sympathetic tears at Rintha's recital. "You know you said that they were all alike, but Brother McBride had no secretary, so Rintha acted as scribe, and she can tell you a very different story from that."

"Oh, yes," responded Rintha, "there is nothing at all alike about them excepting that we are all of the lineage of Joseph, while Agnes' promises her that she shall be a benefactor to humanity, and shall feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Jean's has the most glorious promises in regard to her children,

for her sons shall be prophets, and her daughters prophetesses, and the whole burden of mine is the immense work for me in the temple for the redemption of my father's house, and tells me that I was set apart for that mission before I was born. And," continued Rintha, "I shall trust in God for my future, and try to live for the blessings promised me in this," holding up her roll of manuscript.

"There is another thing that strengthens my faith in the promises of the patriarch, and that is this: I had another blessing given me some years ago and was instantly struck with the similarity between that and the one given me today. They are almost identical, word for word."

"That is strange," said Chatty, musingly.

"Do you think you could find two gypsies describing the same young man to you unless they had met and traded yarns on the road?" teasingly asked Agnes.

"Don't, Aggie. I confess myself converted and I am going to ask papa if I can't have mine, too," said Chatty as they all rose to their feet.

"Brother McBride is going to leave town in the morning."

"Oh, is he? I am sorry for that, but maybe there will be another opportunity before long, and anyway it may take longer to convert papa than it has me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There is always something which each of us can do better than other things, and moral excellence demands that we discover what it is, that we foster and strengthen it, and devote it to the best purposes we can.

ACTIONS speak louder than words. The fragrance of a flower outlasts its beauty.

THE MEN OF THE VALLEYS OF ITALY.

IN PIEDMONT, on the eastern slope of the Cottian Alps, from twenty to forty miles south-west of Turin, occupying a romantic district of about twenty-two by eighteen miles, live the Vaudois or men of the valleys. In numbers they are less than 25,000 souls, distributed among sixteen parishes in the three valleys of Lucerna, Perosa, and San Martino. The original language of the people was a dialect of the old Provençal, which gave way largely to the French in consequence of the introduction, after the plague of 1630, of fifteen pastors from Geneva. But Italian is also spoken. The people are remarkably intelligent, industrious, honest, and hospitable. For six hundred years they have claimed descent from a race which peopled the same valleys and professed the same faith in the first centuries of the Christian era. But Vigilantius of the fourth century, and Claudius of Turin of the ninth, were not Waldenses or Vaudois. "The name," says Hitchcock, "is probably derived from that of a wealthy merchant of Lyons, who is called Waldo and Waldensis." The earliest authority for Peter Waldo or Petrus Waldensis is a manuscript of 1404. The sudden death of one of his friends, an eminent citizen of Lyons, turned his attention to spiritual things. He distributed his property to the poor, and with several associates of both sexes who had joined him, began to preach in the streets of Lyons. His aim was to revive the fervent, simple, self-denying piety of the early church. His followers styled themselves "The Poor." Waldo was later excommunicated and finally exiled. After his death, his followers multiplied rapidly in several countries, but especially in Southern France, Northern Spain, and

Northern Italy, whence they gradually came together in the valleys of Piedmont and Savoy, and in spite of more than thirty bloody persecutions, some of which are among the bloodiest in history, have remained there ever since. They are now Presbyterians, each congregation having a pastor, elders, and deacons. Their confession is Calvinistic. They have been confounded by some writers with the Cathari and Albigenses, but they were never tainted with the Manichaean heresy. Since the middle of the century, when for the first time in all their history full liberty of worship was granted them, the Waldenses have greatly flourished. They have a theological seminary in Florence, are sending forth missionaries, and have established congregations in all parts of the Italian peninsula. They have hospitals, schools, and at La Tour and Pomaret excellent colleges.

THERE is no greater vassalage than that of being enslaved to opinions. The dogmatist is pent up in his prison, and sees no light but what comes in at those grates; he hath no liberty of thoughts, no prospect of various objects; while the considerate and modest enquirer hath a large sphere of motion, and the satisfaction of more open light; he sees far, and enjoys the pleasure of surveying the divers images of the mind. But the opiniator hath a poor, shriveled soul, that will but just hold his little set of thoughts. His appetite after knowledge is satisfied with his few mushrooms.

It is a proud triumph in a man's life when he makes a friend of an enemy.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

TAHITI AND THE SOCIETY ISLAND MISSION.

BESIDES enjoying the distinction of being the Queen of the Pacific, and having a most lovely tropical climate, Tahiti can also boast of being the first place where Christianity was introduced among the people of the Pacific

accounts of Tahiti and its people, that British Christians turned their attention to the spiritual welfare of a people who were so highly favored in climate and soil. In accordance with such desires they organized a society in London in 1795, composed of members of both the established Church and Dissenters, and



PRINCE HINUI, HIS UNCLE AND AUNT

Islands. How it has spread since then to the Sandwich, Marqueson, Friendly, Samoan and Fiji groups of islands as well as to New Zealand, Australia and other places in the Pacific is well known to us as readers of history and travel.

It was in England, some time after the death of Captain Cook and after the civilized world had received published

named it the London Missionary Society. Some thirty missionaries volunteered their services and Tahiti was selected as the scene of its first operations. On the 10th of August, 1796, they embarked in the Thames on board the *Duff*, Captain Jas. Wilson in command, and after a somewhat long but not unpleasant voyage arrived at Tahiti on March the 4th,

1797. Leaving twenty-one missionaries here, they next proceeded to Togatabu in the Friendly group, where they left ten of the remaining eleven, and then sailed for the cannibal islands of the Marquesas, where the solitary missionary was left to try and teach the tattooed people of those parts that it was wrong to make feasts of each other, and worship gods of wood and stone.

Writing of their cannibalistic propensities reminds me of a conversation I had a short time since with a native of the Tuamotu Islands. It has not been many years back, since people have been killed on the Marquesa Islands, and notwithstanding the fact that the Christians have been for a long time trying to Christianize them, they have not gained the success that they have on other islands. It was during the visit of some of the Marquesans to the Tuamotu Island that they made the remark that they did not like the flesh of the white man as well as that of the native. When asked for their reason they said, because the flesh of the white man was too salty, and that of the native was very fresh. Natives as a rule live on very little salt and we can therefore accept this statement as true.

When the first missionaries landed at Tahiti they were well received by the natives and given temporarily a piece of land where they built them houses and made themselves a home. Much credit is due those pioneers of Christianity coming as they did from a far country to mingle among a people who were totally heathen in regard to their religion, who had no written language and who knew not the use of letters. Little progress was made during the first seven or eight years save that the missionaries showed their superiority by industrial pursuits, such as the building

of houses, boats, etc. But the real object of their mission was not unfolded to the view of the natives during the time mentioned as the missionaries were studying the language and collecting material for a dictionary. Of all the Polynesian languages the Tahitian was the first reduced to writing, and by the efforts of the missionaries the Bible was printed in that language in 1804, and thereafter they made great progress in advancing their faith, which today holds almost full sway upon that island.

As to the government of Tahiti, (before the invasion of the French in 1842,) it was an arbitrary monarchy governed by a king or queen who gained their regal authority by descent, coming from the father to the eldest son or nearest relation. For some time after the French subdued the Tahitians and gained control over their country, they allowed the native king to still rule over the people to a certain degree, but he was at the same time subject to the dictation of the French. The Tahitians had a king in the person of Pomare V, until as late as 1891 when he died and the office was done away with.

With this article we present a picture of Prince Hinui with his uncle and aunt, all members of the "feti arii," or members of the king's family. The young man, who is now living at Tahiti, would have become king over the island had not the French prevented it, but as it is they give him in recognition of his right to exercise power, five thousand francs a year.

Another picture also that we herewith present shows a scene in Tahiti. It is the road and path leading around the island, with the dense vegetation on either side and the groves of tall coconut trees whose trunks are about as

long as our telephone poles. It is a fact worthy of note that the farther inland the cocoanut trees grow the

water, appear larger and healthier in almost every way. In our next number under this same heading the introduc-



A TAHITIAN SCENE—ROAD AROUND ISLAND.

shorter they are, while those that are planted very close to the sea shore and whose very roots are washed by the sea

tion of the Gospel to those parts will be written on.

Eugene M. Cannon.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JANUARY 15, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

URIM AND THUMMIN.

QUESTIONS have arisen in a Sunday School in one of the country wards in regard to the Urim and Thummim that was found with the plates of the Book of Mormon which the Prophet Joseph Smith received. The question appears to be, (as this Urim and Thummim received by Joseph was the instrument given to the brother of Jared,) has there ever been more than one of these entrusted to man on the earth at the same time? The Israelites in the days of Aaron had the Urim and Thummim; is this the same Urim and Thummim that was handed down from the Jaredites? If it is, how did it get from the Jaredites to the children of Israel, and from the children of Israel to the Nephites?

There is no record of such a transmission of the Urim and Thummim from one continent to another. It is in the highest degree improbable that the Urim and Thummim that the Jaredites had was the same that was had among the children of Israel. It seems entirely clear that the Jaredites, and after them the Nephites, had the Urim and Thummim that the brother of Jared used, and that the Urim and Thummim used among the children of Israel was one that had been prepared for use among them. The continent of America, as we now call it, was as though it were a distinct world, so far as the other hemisphere was con-

cerned. Its existence was unknown. There was no connection between the people that dwelt on this land and the people that dwelt on the other continents. While, therefore, it is but reasonable to assume that the Lord permits the use of but one Urim and Thummim at a time on the earth, in the case of the Jaredites and the Nephites such a rule might not apply, because, as we have said, they were as widely separated from the rest of the world and as unknown to those who lived on the eastern hemisphere as if they dwelt on a different planet.

PASSING THE SACRAMENT.

One of our brethren to whom the question was assigned by the class to look up, "Can a teacher pass the Sacrament after it has been blessed?" writes to the editor upon this subject. He appears to entertain the view that there is an impropriety in the teachers passing the bread and the water after they have been blessed, because it does not come under the authority of a teacher to administer the Sacrament. He seems to be of the opinion that they have no more authority to pass the bread and the cup than to ask the blessing upon them, and that the passing of it is just as much a part of the administering as the blessing. Finding that the general opinion of those with whom he has talked is contrary to his view, he writes for information.

At the Last Supper, at which the Savior Himself was present, the bread and the wine were not passed as is the custom now among us. It was an actual supper. In our Church numerous instances have occurred where the Sacrament has been administered, in certain places, in the same way—that is, bread and wine (or water) have been

partaken of as a meal, and not, as is usual when the Sacrament is passed in our general meetings, in the shape of small pieces of bread and a little sip of water.

The Savior, as recorded in the Book of Mormon (*III Nephi, 18,*) after breaking the bread, "gave unto the disciples, and commanded that they should eat. And when they had eat, and were filled, he commanded that they should give unto the multitude." Afterwards "he commanded his disciples that they should take of the wine of the cup, and drink of it, and that they should also give unto the multitude, that they might drink of it. And it came to pass that they did so, and did drink of it, and were filled; and they gave unto the multitude, and they did drink, and they were filled."

It seems from this that in partaking of this ordinance they satisfied their appetites—that is, they ate and drank until they were filled.

This would be the proper manner to administer this ordinance now if circumstances permitted; but situated as the Church is, it is not convenient to administer the Sacrament in this manner, and therefore our present mode is the one that is sanctioned by usage and by the permission of the Lord through His inspired servants.

Teachers and Deacons can pass around the bread and the water in the administration of the Sacrament, though they do not hold the Melchisedek Priesthood and are not Priests after the order of Aaron. According to the practice that has prevailed in the Church from the beginning, and which was permitted by the Prophet Joseph and all the brethren who have succeeded him as President of the Church, not only Teachers and Deacons may pass the

emblems, but lay members may do so in handing them from one communicant to another. There is no warrant for any view in opposition to this.

The "Books" say the Priests (or Elders, as the case may be) shall break and bless the bread and bless the water (or wine); but so far as we recall, they say not one word as to its distribution to the partakers. The usage in the early Christian Church, according to Justin Martyr (who, it is said, was baptized by John the Revelator), was, as he writes:

"When we have concluded our prayer, bread is brought, and wine, and water; and the President, in like manner offers up prayers, and thanksgivings, with all his strength; and the people give their assent by saying Amen; and there is a distribution, and a partaking by every one of the Eucharistic elements; and to those who are not present, they are sent by the hands of the deacons; and such as are in prosperous circumstances, and wish to do so, give what they will, each according to his choice; and what is collected is placed in the hands of the President, who assists the orphans, and widows, and such as through sickness, or any other cause, are in want; and to those who are in bonds, and to strangers from afar, and, in a word, to all who are in need, he is a protector."

In some instances Stake and Ward Sunday School superintendents have issued printed matter for the benefit of their schools, and where this is the case the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union desire that a copy of all such printed matter be forwarded to the office of the Union, 331 Constitution Building, Salt Lake City. Where letters, circulars, class exercises, etc., are issued by different schools, copies of such

should be sent to the State superintendency. Such publications are sometimes of considerable value and can with profit be copied by other schools. Where there is anything good and desirable, it is well to have it known and the whole of our schools have the benefit of it.

TOBIAS' VICTORY.

DID you ever see Tobias on his snowshoes? A light shone out of his eyes and spread over his dark face, making it handsome. And no wonder. He could beat any boy of his size on snowshoes.

A boy might go ahead of Tobias in jumping, might be more of a fish in swimming and might beat him in coasting. When it came to Tobias' snowshoes, then he was king of all the boys of his size.

"Somehow Tobias has the knack," said his Uncle Alexander, who thought a great deal of his nephew.

He gained many victories in racing on snowshoes. May I tell you, though, about a still greater victory he gained?

"Ted Stevens, will you be at the race on snowshoes tomorrow?" asked Tobias, one day.

"I expect to, Tobias, and beat you."

Tobias only grinned, and said to himself:

"He shall have a try."

Ted was a thoughtless, mischievous boy, and mischievous because thoughtless. He liked fun, and when he planned for it, he only thought of that. He did not think of the pain and trouble it brought to others.

"Now, Ted," his big sister Eliza had previously said, when he confessed to her one of his harum-scarum plans, "you stop and think it over, and I don't believe you will do that mischief. You

just put on your thinking-cap and go off a few moments."

Ted then went away, and spent two minutes, perhaps, by himself, and came back saying:

"Eliza, I—I guess my fun will make other people too much trouble, and I will give it up."

It was a pity that Ted had not made it a custom to put on his thinking-cap always, and not gone on the sly, the night before the race, into Tobias' shed, chuckling meanwhile as he said:

"It will be a good joke to fix Tobias' snowshoes so that when he puts them on he will go down through them and get stuck deep in a drift perhaps, like a plum in a pudding."

When Ted was in Tobias' shed, he took out his knife and cut the stout netting that secured the moccasin or sandal in the snowshoe, but he tied up the ends again with thread, and with the same brittle fastenings once more secured the moccasin in its place.

The wearer of a snowshoe puts his foot into his moccasin, and, though Tobias' snowshoe, now thread-tied might look all right, yet when he pressed heavily upon the shoe with his foot, the latter would be sure to break through snapping all the brittle thread-fastening, and—alas! for Tobias.

At the time appointed, a crowd of boys gathered to see the race. Tobias' face was radiant with interest. He was one of the first to fasten his shoes, one of the first to stand in the place appointed for the racers, one of the first to start off, and—oh, Ted, why did you prepare that cruel surprise for Tobias?

He was standing where the snow was deep, and had moved forward two paces, when everything beneath gave way, and down through the snowshoes went his

legs, sticking deep into the yielding drift.

A great shout of laughter arose from all the spectators. Was not that a plum in a pudding, as Ted predicted? Anything but a quiet plum.

"I shall die if I don't stop laughing," shouted Ted, aching all over. "Oh, what a pair of ruffles for 'dose legs!'"

Tobias' legs had gone down, but the shoes had slipped up, and his legs looked as if they had gone into ruffles, indeed.

The race proceeded without him, and he—poor fellow!—went home in tears. On his way there he carefully examined the shoes, and saw what kind of a trick had been played upon him.

"Some one's knife did that," reflected Tobias, "and my! what is that?"

He was now in the shed of Uncle Alexander, with whom he lived, and directly under the nail where he was accustomed to hang his shoes, he spied a penknife. Picking it up, he saw two letters on the handle, "T. S."

"Ted Stevens!" exclaimed Tobias, "He's the rascal who cut my shoes. If I had him I'd pound him."

And a pounding stout Tobias could easily have given the light, slender Ted.

"Just let me catch him!" thought Tobias.

The next day but one, Tobias had gone on an errand through the woods to another village. Uncle Alexander had fixed the snowshoes, and they were now as strong as new.

When he was returning from the village, he came to the woods again, and began his walk through them. As he looked under the long, drooping branches of the green spruces, bowed down beneath their load of snow, he saw a boy bowed down, also, under a load. He was carrying a heavy bag on his back.

"Some poor fellow," said Tobias to himself, "that has been to the village, and is returning with those potatoes on his back."

Tobias' heart was warm, and it was full of pity for the bowed traveler. By the time he reached him, so much pity had been aroused that Tobias' heart was very warm.

When opposite the boy, he looked in his face, and the boy was Ted Stevens.

That discovery affected Tobias' interest somewhat as a stream of cold water would send down the temperature in a hot tea kettle, and Tobias' first thought was:

"Now I'll thrash him good."

Neither boy said anything, Tobias being angry, and Ted shivering with fear.

"Hold on, Tobias," argued a voice inside of him; "don't you think it mean to take advantage of that boy when he is loaded down with that bag? Remember, he isn't anything like your size, and are you going to strike him? Wouldn't it be manlier to wait till he gets out of the woods, at least?"

"I—I think, I'll wait till he gets out of the woods," decided Tobias. "It would be mean to hit him now."

The two boys went along, Ted still uneasy and Tobias scowling darkly at him.

"Look here, Tobias; you are stout, and that fellow is a weak sort of chap. Hadn't you better give him a lift?" continued the voice.

"Give him a lift!" thought Tobias, his eyes flashing. "Give him a lift—the sneak that cut my snowshoes! Guess I will—not!"

"But see how he stoops over. You had better give him a lift, and you can lick him when he gets through the woods and his tramp is most over.

Wouldn't it look more generous, just to help a fellow groaning under his heavy load?"

"Well, I guess it would, and I'll lick him when I have helped him with his load and he is through the woods."

"Thank you," said Ted, timidly, venturing to cast a glance at the companion giving him such generous assistance.

Tobias now resumed his talks with himself.

"Don't you think," said his inner self, "that there is another way of whipping Ted and bringing him to his senses? Just take a look at him. I dare say he is sorry."

Tobias took a look, and Ted did have rather a woe-begone face.

"And don't you think you had better take a boy of your size? See how small he is. Take another look."

Tobias took another look, and Ted did seem puny.

"And, Tobias, if you had cut up a like caper, wouldn't you like to be forgiven?"

"Yes; it would be very kind to be let off."

"Well, do to others as you would like to have them do to you. Take another look at Ted, and see if it wouldn't be more generous to 'fix' Ted by forgiving him."

Tobias took still another look.

"I—I--I'll forgive him," he said to the insistent voice.

Just then Ted looked at Tobias and began speaking.

"Tobias, I cut up a mean dido on you, and you have used me nobly, and I feel real cheap and sorry about the thing, and—and I will make it all right with you."

"It is all right now," assured Tobias, pleasantly.

Big hearted Tobias! Though he did

not thrash Ted, he gave an awful thrashing to a much bigger enemy in his own heart, winning on snowshoes a glorious victory—far more glorious than if he had won all the snowshoe races in the world.

E. A. Rand.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

Lesson XI—Prayer.

WE know of no more appropriate subject that we could select for our final lesson than the subject of prayer. In a revelation which the Lord gave to the Church in the month of November, 1831, parents were counseled to "teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord." (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. 68: 28.*)

Children should be taught early to pray, and to pray in faith, believing, that God will hear and answer their prayers. We should always remember, when we kneel to pray before the Lord, to offer up our prayers in the name of His Son Jesus Christ. Unless they are so offered they cannot be accepted by God.

Prayer might be divided into four parts, adoration, confession, petition and thanksgiving.

In adoration we solemnly recite the character of God; we ascribe to Him the glory that is due to His holy name for all His infinite perfections, and for the manifestations which He has made of Himself in His word and in His works.

In confession we acknowledge our sins and faults, praying God for Christ's sake to pardon and forgive us, and to help us to overcome the temptation with which we are tempted day by day. At this time we should have no enmity

in our hearts toward any of God's children, but should freely forgive all those who have trespassed against us; "for if we forgive not men their trespasses neither will our Heavenly Father forgive us." In confession we acknowledge also our dependence upon God for His blessing, for it is from Him that every good and perfect gift cometh.

"He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain."

In petition we ask for those things which are agreeable to the will of God. When we engage in prayer we should ask Him for His Holy Spirit, for we must pray by the Spirit as well as by the understanding. If we pray under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, or the Holy Ghost, we will ask for nothing contrary to His will.

In Thanksgiving we express our thanks for the blessings we receive from His hands from day to day. In the morning when we arise from our beds, and before entering upon the labors of the day, we should bow our knees in prayer, and ask the blessings of God upon our labors. We should pray for health and strength, food and raiment, and for the divine protection to be over us.

In the evening we should remember with the deepest gratitude the blessings of the day. These are the blessings we asked for in the morning, and which God has been pleased to bestow upon us, notwithstanding our sins. We are now about to lay ourselves down to sleep. While we sleep, we have no protector, save God, and we should remember to supplicate Him for His divine protection. To Him we are indebted for the sleep itself, and the quiet rest, by which our minds and bodies are refreshed and

strengthened for the labors of another day.

Indeed we should pray always, for so we have been exhorted by the Lord. Daniel prayed three times a day. One time the presidents and princes of the Medes and Persians passed a law that no man should ask a blessing from any God or man, for thirty days, save from King Darius. But Daniel refused to obey this unrighteous decree. He attended faithfully to his prayers, and one day he was found praying, for which offense he was cast into a den of lions. But the Lord remembered Daniel; He knew how faithful Daniel had been and when the Lord saw His servant in trouble, He sent His angel to shut the lions' mouths, so that they could not harm the prophet. (*Daniel vi chap.*)

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." (*James v: 17-18.*)

In the Book of Helaman (*Book of Mormon* p. 459) we read that the people of Nephi had become very wicked. Nephi feared lest the Lord should send the Lamanites upon them to slay them with the sword. So he prayed unto the Lord, saying, "O Lord do not suffer that this people shall be destroyed by the sword; but, O Lord, rather let there be a famine in the land, to stir them up in remembrance of the Lord their God, and perhaps they will repent and turn unto Thee."

The Lord heard the prayer of Nephi, and sent a famine in the land, and when the people began to remember the Lord, and to humble themselves before Him, Nephi prayed again unto the Lord

and asked Him to remove the famine, and He did so.

One time when Nephi was exhorting his brethren to be more faithful in keeping the commandments of God, they became angry with him, and they laid their hands upon him, and bound him with cords. They intended leaving him in the wilderness to be devoured by wild beasts, but Nephi called upon the Lord in prayer, saying, "O Lord, according to my faith which is in Thee wilt Thou deliver me from the hands of my brethren; yea, even give me strength that I may burst these bands with which I am bound. And it came to pass that when I had said these words, behold the bands were loose from off my hands and feet, and I stood before my brethren, and spake unto them again. (*1. Nephi, vii: 16-17*).

Our prayers should be offered in the simplest language. Long prayers are not acceptable to the Lord, for we should remember that our "Heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him."

"Seek, then the Lord, while He may be found: Call ye upon Him, while He is near. When you call He will answer; and when you cry unto Him He will say, 'Here am I.'"

W. A. M.

LITTLE things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a lifetime. An unkind and hasty word has left a mark which death seems scarcely to have erased.

ALMOST every one takes a pleasure in requiting trifling obligations; many people are grateful for moderate ones; but there is scarcely any one who does not show ingratitude for great ones.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

HUMANE DAY.

THERE are many lessons which fall to the province of the Sunday Schools to teach—lessons which are not taught in the common schools. The exclusion of all religious teaching from the district schools relieves the teachers in those schools from the necessity of devoting attention to many moral duties. It is necessary, therefore, that in the Sunday Schools the keeping of the Lord's day holy, the character of the books which the children should read, and all the doctrines of the Gospel, should be taught to the children. The Sunday School is the place where the spiritual natures of the children should be fed and developed. Everything that will have a tendency to lift them on to a high spiritual plane and to make their lives lives of beauty and of holiness belongs particularly to the Sunday School. Obedience to parents, loving attention to parents, holding in respect and honor the aged, are subjects that are no doubt taught in all our Sunday Schools. These teachings have the effect to make the children grow up to be good citizens and to be ornaments in society.

Of the same class of teaching is the humane treatment of animals. There is a disposition among many children to treat animals harshly, unkindly, and in some cases cruelly. Frequently this arises from a want of thought and from the mischievous disposition which some children have. Animals cannot speak; they cannot make their wants known; they cannot remonstrate against those who are unkind to them. Children and others, therefore, can treat them as they please, and the animal can neither complain nor protest. For this very reason the wickedness of treating animals with

harshness or cruelty should be faithfully impressed upon the minds of the children. If they receive these impressions in early life, they will never forget them, and they will always be kind and merciful to the dumb creation.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board have discussed the propriety of doing something in the direction of impressing the children with lessons concerning the proper treatment of animals, and have appointed Sunday, February 28th, as HUMANE DAY. In appointing this as HUMANE DAY it is the design to have the usual services and lessons taken up on that day in the Sunday School, in their regular order; but that in addition to these, addresses be given by persons selected for this purpose, which will set forth in as forcible a manner as possible the propriety of being kind and considerate to the animal creation, especially those domestic animals with which children are most closely brought in contact. The object of these addresses will be to teach the children kindness, mercy, forbearance and love toward all the living creations of God.

Boys and girls throughout our country are brought in contact with horses and cows and sheep, and, of course, dogs and cats; and if it can be brought clearly home to them that the Lord has placed these creatures in their charge for their benefit, and to be used kindly by them, they will in their association with these animals have different feelings and manifest a different disposition in treating them than they would if these subjects were not called to their attention. They should be taught to feed them at proper times, to give them water when they need it, to keep them properly housed, and not expose them, when it can be avoided, to either extreme heat or cold. They should be

impressed with the thought that these animals are to a certain extent helpless, and that the Lord has placed them in man's charge to be of service to him, and at the same time to be treated in kindness by him.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any person who believes in the God of heaven that He will hold man accountable for any ill treatment of the creatures He has placed under his control, and those who misuse or treat them with cruelty will be called to an account for such acts. It is not our acts to our fellow man alone that we shall be called to an account for, but our acts to the creations of our Father in heaven. These animals are His, He created them, and they are not outside of the reach of His love and care, and they cannot be badly treated with impunity. This is a lesson that should be impressed deeply upon the minds of the young, and when they are awakened to realize this they will be more humane to the animals they have in their keeping and be more likely to treat them with consideration and kindness.

Such teachings will have another effect upon the children: they will pay attention to the kind of animals that they keep. Instead of having poor creatures, of little value, treated with carelessness and not properly led and housed, they will naturally seek to obtain the best kinds of all they use, and they will bestow care upon them, because they will have a value in their eyes they would not have while they are ignorant of the relation of man to the lower creations.

We think it a most excellent idea, for this and other reasons which can be advanced, for us to have throughout our country a day set apart as a HUMANE DAY, when lessons of humanity, kind-

ness and love can be given to the young people concerning the animal creation. We hope the general and local superintendents will take the necessary steps to carry out these suggestions concerning HUMANE DAY on Sunday, February 28th.

Perhaps it might be well for some of the teachers to be requested to prepare themselves on that day to give suitable stories and illustrations upon the subject before the school. There is a large field from which information can be gleaned, and which will be exceedingly interesting to the children to listen to, and they can be impressed in a way that will not soon be forgotten.

The Editor.

HILDA.

ON the coast of Norway, rocky islands and steep headlands mingle with the rolling, open sea and the still waters of the fjords.

At the mouth of Bonden Fjord, a few hundred yards from the water, stands a fisherman's hut. The cliffs are just above it and a path leads down the gentle incline to the sea.

It is the middle of June. The tiny stretch of meadow waves with a rich profusion of grass and wild flowers. Every shelving rock bears a tuft of green. The air is soft and mild. The goat's bell tinkles on the hills, while the sea rolls on the pebbled beach with a swish, swish.

Lars, the fisherman, comes down the path. He carries an oar and some fishing-nets. He is a big, bearded fellow with a voice like the roaring of the sea.

At the boat-house the fisherman encounters a girl seated on an upturned boat. She is bare-footed, and her light hair hangs in neglected confusion over

her shoulders, as with a stick she carves figures in the sand at her feet.

"Now, there you are!" shouted the fisherman, "lazing yourself. Just you get home and help your mother."

The girl straightened with a start and stood upright. Her form was small and slender, though fifteen times the birches on the hills had donned their dress of green since she had come into the world. A frightened look came into her big blue eyes, and she hurried away.

Half way up the path she turned at her father's shout: "Hi, there, what have you done with the other oar?"

"I have'nt had the boat today, father."

"Have'nt had it? where's the oar then?"

"I cannot tell you, father."

"Tut, tut," he roared, "come this minute and find it!"

She walked timidly back and helped her angry father search, but the lost oar could not be found. The fisherman fumed and swore.

"Now, I'm in a fix. Jens took the only other pair of oars, and now how am I to get to the fishing today? and all because of your good-for-nothing meddling—"

He finished his sentence with a hard slap which sent the girl reeling among a pile of sea-weeds; but she dared not cry, and when she was ordered home again, she bowed her head to hide the sob in her throat and the tears in her eyes.

Hilda was an only child, a sweet wild flower of nature planted among the rocks of that wild region. Yes, strange that such a child should come to such parents. Was it not in the design of Him who doeth all things well, to reach hearts, hard of understanding?

The parents did not know Hilda's

nature, and so were often harsh to the child. Her father was at times cruel. The rough fisherman was no student of child life; and Hilda was so peculiar to Lars' eyes. She loved rather to wander by the sea and over the rocks, playing with shells and waves than to wash the kitchen dishes, although to tell the truth, Hilda never complained at her tasks. She would stay all day up among the hills with the cows and goats, eating her slice of brown bread by the icy streams. With boat, she would explore the inlets of the fjords; fish for the whiting, and seek for wild duck eggs on the islands. When she could thus roam at will, she always came home with a glow on her cheeks and a light in her eyes which, though lost to the thoughtless fisherman and his wife, was closely observed by the neighbor's boy Nels. To his boyish imagination Hilda was then, more than ever, a spirit nymph from the sea or hills.

June days are long in Norway. Twilight stretches towards midnight and soon changes to a soft light in the east. Even at midnight the sun is not far below the horizon, and thus the night is illuminated with a pale glow like the break of day. So there was no uneasiness when, one evening, Hilda did not appear with the cows and goats. At eleven o'clock Lars came up from his nets and fish and found his wife at the spinning wheel. Lars was not in the best of humor. Fish had been scarce that day. As he sat down to his bowl of thick milk and mush, he inquired after Hilda.

"She has not come home yet," explained his wife.

"What in the world shall we do with the girl?" he growled. "I suppose she's been playing by the waterfall or

gaping at the moon till she's clean forgot the cows."

"The cows have come home long ago."

"Oh."

"I can't understand the child—but Lars—"

"What?"

"The girl's not well lately. I often find her crying over something she can't or will not explain."

Lars ate his mush in silence.

"You haven't been licking the child lately?"

"O, I just boxed her ears the other day for losing my oar; but that's nothing to sulk about."

"Lars, don't do it. She isn't well—hush, what's that?"

'Twas but the tinkling of the goat's bell.

"I'll go up the creek and look for her, said he."

It was midnight when he returned. He had found no trace of Hilda. Day was breaking in the north-east, and a storm was coming from the opposite direction. Lars and his wife became uneasy. The sea was restless and the swelling waves dashed into spray on the rocks; but Hilda did not come.

"She must have stayed with the Monson's," said Lars, as he pulled on his oil coat, "I'll row around that way when I go out to take in the lines—ah, there comes the storm, I must hurry."

It was now broad day. The fisherman's boat glided swiftly through the smoother waters of the land-locked fjord but when it struck the rolling waters of the open sea it took all the strength of the fisherman's arm to advance his boat. His lines were out beyond a head and he must rescue them from the storm. It was hard and slow work. Although he used all his power and skill he was

afraid the storm would drive him back. A hard pull and snap, an oar broke and went whirling into the sea. The boat spun around like a cork in a whirlpool and a wave half filled it with water. Though skillful in the use of one oar the fisherman could not check his boat from drifting toward the rocky sides of an island at the entrance of the fjord. In ten minutes the boat struck and was knocked to splinters. The fisherman clung to a rock in the roaring surf.

Just then Hilda came along the path down the hill. She had lost her cows, and, not daring to come home without them, had wandered for hours on the hills. Now she saw that they were home. She also saw her father's form clinging to the rocks, and her wooden shoes clattered down the path as she rushed to the beach.

"Hilda, Hilda, where are you going?" her mother shouted.

"Out to father. Oh, he'll drown! Somebody must help him."

The mother followed the girl, shouting for her to stop; but she did not seem to hear; besides, the noise of the storm was deafening. Hilda had launched a boat and was heading for the island ere her mother reached the water.

"Child, what are you doing? You'll upset in that sea."

What Hilda said could not be distinctly heard, but her mother caught something about "father" and a "missing oar" and that she "wasn't to blame."

How often afterwards did those words ring over the waves to the mother.

Hilda, though frail of form, understood how to manage a boat, and she kept well in the lee of the island, to escape the heaviest sea. She bent bravely to her oars, now sinking out of

sight in the trough of some wave, and now cutting through its white crest. Slowly she advanced and the clinging fisherman saw her and motioned her back. He shouted to her across the wild waves but she thought it was words of encouragement and pressed on. He had climbed high on the rock and was in no immediate danger. And now Hilda's boat, getting out from the shelter of the shore, is caught by the storm and it is as if a giant has it in his grasp. Out over the sea it tosses like a chip. It is the gaint's plaything, and he roars in glee over his toy.

O, what a storm that was! It was the worst that had been known for years. Slowly the boat with its occupant drifted out to sea. The few neighbors stood awe stricken on the shore and watched the fisherman and the fast disappearing boat. To try to rescue was useless. The mother was frantic and Nels, the neighbor's boy, was as pale as death.

Towards noon the storm abated and the fisherman was rescued, but Hilda or her boat was never more seen.

Lars and his wife live in the same hut yet. The fisherman is gentle and kind to all. He now hears music in the low of the cows and the tinkle of the goat's bell. The neighbors's children like to visit him, and he strolls with them on the beach; and when the waves lap the sands of Bonden Fjord with a swish, swish, Lars thinks that it is Hilda crying to him from the sea and declaring her innocence.

Nephi Anderson.

Do not lose the present in vain perplexities about the future. If fortune frowns today, she may smile tomorrow.

SONGS THAT BROKE THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

THE idea of watchmen and watch-towers seems to be surrounded with romance, and to teem with historical associations. From the dazzling brilliancy of electric lighted streets, alive with traffic throughout the night hours, we look back through the long vista of ages to the times when the watch-tower and the watchmen were essential features of life. We hear the solemn purport of the night guardian of Jerusalem, can see the ancient tower on the walls of Babylon, and listen to the tocsin bell of Ghent's belfry, which through centuries of turbulent history acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to the citizens. Or a vision of Nuremberg in its mediæval beauty, with its watch-towers upon the city walls; Lucerne with its Nine on the fortifications, sentinels of eternity over some of Nature's fairest work; Rome, with its Capitoline Hill and its strangely garbed watchmen; and the old Swiss canton of Tessino, where the antiquity and inveteracy of old customs is proved by the night-watch call being still given in old German, although the common language of the people has, for centuries, been Italian.

It was in 1253 that Henry III. established night watchmen, and these, and later the bellmen, continued as guardians until 1830, when Sir Robert Peel's Police Act was passed. Cambridge, however, retained its bellman for six years longer, and his services were then transferred to the lamplighter. The watchmen are still to be met with in certain parts of Europe, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Poland, in Italy, and in some of the Ardennes districts, where the watchman's horn-blasts, one for each hour, are not heard with unmiti-

gated satisfaction by the drowsy tourist. At Predazzo in the Tyrol, an addition is made to the telling of the hour, "Vigilate sopra il fuoco. Sia lodato Gesu Cristo" (Watch against fire. Praised be Jesus Christ), and then again at Bregenz there is a charming custom of eulogizing a bygone heroine, one Hergutha or Gutha, who in the thirteenth century saved the little town from falling into the hands of the men of Appenzell, during a siege of nine weeks in the winter of 1408. Instead of the hour at midnight they cry, "Ehr Gutha!" (Honor Judith.)

One of the most tragic of bellman's songs was that of the parish of St. Sepulchre's, where the practice was on the eve of an execution for the bellman to go under the window of the condemned cell at Newgate, to ring his bell, and to repeat these verses:—

All you that in the condemn'd hold do lie
Prepare you, for tomorrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray; the hour is drawing near,
That you before the Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell tomorrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls!
Past twelve o'clock.

Amongst the *Volkslieder* of the German Fatherland, there are numerous specimens of watchmen's songs, which, like many others of the songs of the people, have been solely preserved by oral transmission. Contrasted with the more modern watchmen's songs, these old German *lieder* seem to us most elaborate; but it must be remembered that time was of less value in the romantic Middle Ages than it is in this prosaic and most cursory nineteenth century. I have only been able to give a few verses out of each of these songs, which are calculated by their length "to last out a night in Russia."

OLD GERMAN WATCH SONG.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
 Ten hath struck upon our bell,
 God hath given commandments ten,
 That we might be happy men.
 Nought avails that men should ward us,
 God will watch, and God will ward us;
 May He of His boundless might
 Give unto us all good night.

Now all stars must fade away,
 Quickly now must come the day,
 Thank your God, who through each hour.
 Kept you with a Father's power.
 Nought avails, &c.

At the beginning of this century the watchmen at Herrnhuth, an old German town, used to intimate the hour in the following quaint lines:—

VIII.

Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder,
 Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder?

IX.

'Tis nine o'clock! Ye brethren, hear it striking?
 Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Savior's liking.

X.

Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing,
 Now rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.

XI.

Eleven is past! Still at this hour eleven,
 The Lord is calling us from earth to heaven.

The following is an interesting specimen of the watchmen's songs in use in Germany at the present day:—

Hort ihr, Herren, und lasst euch sagen,
 Die Glocke hat acht geschlagen,
 Bewahret das Feuer und das Licht,
 Das in unsrer Stadt kein Schaden geschieht.
 Loht Gott den Herrn.

(Translation)

Listen, gentlemen, hear me tell,
 Eight hath struck upon the bell,
 Guard ye the fires and the candles all,
 That no harm to our town may befall.
 Praise God the Lord.

It is interesting to compare with this Longfellow's "Song of the Curfew," with its injunction:—

Cover the embers
 And put out the lights,
 Toil comes with the morning,
 And rest with the night.

An interesting story accounts for the watch-cry dating from the fourteenth century, and still used in the old Rhine town of Stein. Both story and song are hereditary oral possessions of the people of Stein, who regard them as their most valued heirloom. When the conflicts between the towns and the feudal lords were raging, a plot to deliver Stein into the hands of neighboring nobles was made, several traitorous citizens entering into it. The gate of the city was to be opened to the enemy by them at 2 a.m. the watchword agreed upon being "Noch a Wyl"—"Yet a while." A shoemaker living near the gate overheard the whispered signal and the clatter of arms outside, and rushing to the watchhouse gave the alarm, and so saved the town. "Noch a Wyl" was adopted as the watchword of Stein, and ever since the watchman, as he calls the hour of two, chants "Noch a Wyl, Noch a Wyl."

ALWAYS say a kind word if you can, if only that it may, in entering some mournful man's darkened room, come like a beautiful firefly whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

There are days when the rainbow of life seems broken up and a shapeless mass; then again it is rounded and of full form, which speaks to us in a lovely figure of hope.

THE earliest education is the most important; and this belongs unquestionably to women.

AN element of power necessary in every kind of work is quietness and evenness of spirit.

TWO NEW YEAR'S DAYS, AND SOME DAYS BETWEEN.

"ARE you going to the New Year's ball, Millie?" asked four year old Murray of the tallest and stateliest of his five grown up sisters.

"Yes, I'm going," answered Millie, "and so are Eva and Lile."

"No!" said Murray, "I don't want my Lile to go. Where is Lile?"

Then a search ensued, upstairs and down, through bed-room and kitchen, everywhere he could think of went the little man, ready to offer his petition for his youngest sister to stay at home that evening, with him and the other little folks, and help them play.

"El its funny, at I can't find my Lile!" he exclaimed in a tone of decided irritation, as he passed the pantry door which stood slightly ajar.

A faint titter from within caused the little one to pause and cast a hasty glance into the pantry, where he discovered the object of his search, who had been sent there by their mother for something needed in the preparation of their New Year's dinner.

Quick as a flash Murray slammed the pantry door shut, by sliding a chair against it; then climbing up, he turned the button and fastened his sister in. Removing the chair to its place against the wall, the child seated himself in it, and patiently awaited further results.

The pantry was built in the hall-way, and mother and sisters were all in the back part of the kitchen where the cooking was going on. It would require quite an exertion on Lile's part to make noise enough to attract their attention. And she, a light-hearted girl of fourteen, was so amused at her baby brother's original way of punishing her for not being more readily found when

wanted, that she just stood and laughed instead of calling for help.

Meanwhile, wonderment arose in the kitchen at Lile's failure to return with the needed article, and Millie was dispatched to find out the cause.

Across the hall ran Millie, not noticing the little brother sitting against the wall until he called out, seeing her about to open the pantry door:

"Don't open that door, Millie—let it be!"

"What's the matter, why not open the door?" asked Millie

"I've got Lile in there, and she'll have to stay home! I'll let her out when the rest are gone to the party!" was the earnest reply of the little one.

The joke of the baby's trying to compel his sister to stay at home, by shutting her up, was enjoyed by the whole family.

But Lile comforted and soothed the disconsolate little fellow, rocking him, singing to him, and telling him she would not be away long, and would see him comfortably put to bed before she left him, as he declared he could not sleep if anyone but his own Lile put his "gockin," (night-gown), on. He said he would not want to go to bed so early; he would want to play that evening the same as Christmas night, and the same as they had done the evening before; would want to play dance and kitty in the corner, and ball-bounce again.

Lile persuaded him to play with her and Kent before night came, telling the little boys they would be too tired and sleepy that evening to want to play.

Kent was a year and a half older than Murray, was stronger and healthier physically, and one of the best natured little boys in the world.

While Lile played with, and amused her little brothers, and several of their

little nephews and nieces, who were visiting at Grandpa Garry's with their mammas, Rose and Nettie, she was watching her four sisters as they helped their mother get dinner. And was thinking romantic little thoughts of her own, between the times of taking some of the least of the children out of mischief, and coaxing older ones not to quarrel over their toys.

The kitchen was a large room, and the children played in one portion of it while the women cooked dinner in the other, and Lile's interest was divided between the two companies. It seemed natural for her to act as nurse-maid for the younger children of the household, as she was the youngest of the sisters, a lover of children and could always easily interest them.

Now, as she played with and talked to them, and watched her mother and sisters, her words and thoughts were mingled much as follows:

"Jeddy, this is your ball; let your sister have her's and don't tease her."

"It isn't very bad for a woman to grow old, if she keeps good and lovely like mother."

"Jeddy, don't break Archie's clay marbles! He will play with them a long time, and have lots of fun with them, if you older children don't spoil them."

"Mother will soon be forty eight—oh, how old that seems! But what of it? Gray hair and wrinkles in the face don't hurt. People have to ripen to be good for much, like fruit or grain."

"Come Kent, let Murray have his little chair when he wants it, if he did say you could play sleigh-ride with it. You have had it for some time now."

"What fine characters my sisters would be for a story. Perhaps I shall write a book sometime, and have them

all in it. That will be when I have a room of my own, with a book-case and writing-table in it, where I can go and be by myself when I want to; when father is well enough off, so that we can all—."

"What's the matter Murray? What has hurt you so? Oh! I see, you were going out of doors just as old Indian Quinebe came, and you were frightened. Never mind, darling, sister has you now."

"Sometimes, when I am older, and have a lover, he will be an artist, and will make pictures for my books. I will get him to make pictures of our whole family. Rose must be taken when she feels rested and well, and has not that weary, sad expression in her beautiful hazel eyes. If Nettie's fine, soft complexion can only be made to appear as perfect as it really is, it will be charming. We'll take Eva when she has something very amusing to tell; she does that sort of thing so well, and its such fun to watch her. Millie and I will be rushing into each other's arms, after a separation of two or three days, that's our happiest time. Father, mother, big brother Fred and the two little boys shall be grouped together in some pleasant way with our two brothers-in-law and the grandchildren."

"Children, wait a minute! Nora has gone to sleep. I'll go and lay her down in the bed-room, and then we can play dance, or Kitty in the corner. Take care, little Lile, or you'll pinch Archie's fingers in the door. Don't follow me, any of you! I'll be back in a minute or two. Hush, hush! By-o-bye!"

The short New Year's day passed quickly. Dinner was over, the tired babies were put to bed and the merry hearted sisters were preparing for the dance.

"Lile," called Mrs. Garry from the bed-room door, "I wish you would come and stay with Murray a few minutes, till he gets to sleep."

In a moment, Lile had her baby brother in her arms, and seated herself in a low rocker to sing him to sleep.

"Pull my 'gockin' straight! Its hunched up!" said the little one fretfully.

"Yes; there now, lie still," said Lile. And he did for about a minute; but was too nervous and excited with the exertions of the day to go to sleep readily, for he was not a healthy, robust child. Presently he started up and as if suddenly remembering something which he ought to tell his sister, he took her head in his arms, and drawing her face close to his own, whispered softly, "Lile, don't you like me?"

This pathetic appeal touched Lile. She thought the baby's little conscience hurt him for some remembered misconduct; perhaps it was his imprisoning her in the pantry; she answered him, smilingly but earnestly,

"Don't I like you! Oh Murray, I love you very much! Lie down now, and go to sleep, and I'll sing about how I love you."

The little one nestled down again, and rocking gently holding the two little restless hands in one of hers, his sister sang for him, this impromptu, to music of her own, which was more a murmur from the heart, than a tune to be written or played:

DO I LOVE YOU?

"Do I love you, baby Murray?
Do you ask if I love you?
Do the green leaves love the sunshine?
Do the flowers love the dew?
Do all noble hearted heroes
Love the maidens whom they woo?
Do maidens oft return that love,
So pleasing to their view?"

In the fairest voyage of friendship,
Does the captain love the crew?
This I know, God loves His children,
All who are worthy good and true,
If all other love is fancy,
Then must mine be fancy too;
But if not, my baby brother,
Rest assured that I love you."

The low murmur of the singing ceased; the singer had won the game; her baby brother was asleep. Very softly she tip-toed to the bed, laid him down and covered him, without one unnecessary touch or motion. She did not even venture to kiss him, lest he should waken. But she paused a moment, and watched him with moist eyes and a prayer on her lips. She often did so after laying him down, for Murray, "Peach blossom," as their father sometimes called him, was so delicate. And only a year before, death had taken from their household band one of the dearest and loveliest boys, nine years of age, that had ever lived, so they all believed; and the pain of their great sorrow would still frequently return with much force.

Yet it is astonishing how suddenly moods change with us sometimes, in this life. Five minutes after weeping and praying over the baby, Lile was chattering gaily with her sisters as they finished preparations for the ball. They anticipated having a good time that evening, and they had it.

The hall had been freshly cleaned, and neatly decorated, and everybody was good natured and sociable. Only one unpleasant thing took place during the whole evening, and that was quite unavoidable. It happened in this way:

The upper-reel was Mr. Garry's favorite dance, and either of his daughters would have preferred dancing that with him, to any other two or three dances with any other partner. Still, as they

all knew he could dance it with but one of them at a time, they were all content if they could only have each a good partner, and be in the same set with their father; which, by skillful maneuvering, they often brought about.

This evening, however, poor Lile seemed doomed; when the favorite dance was called for, she was chosen for it by one of the most awkward, unteachable "toe-headed" boys that ever entered a ball-room.

It would have seemed unkind and impolite to have refused to dance with the unfortunate Joe, booby though he was. So Lile pleasantly took her place opposite him in the set which was forming, but with a very grave face. Her father smiled across at her approvingly, and, she thought, sympathetically, which helped her to bear the cross laid upon her with better grace than she at first felt herself capable of.

She managed to shove, pull, drag and almost carry Joe through the first round of the figure; but when the prompter called to them for the second round, "Down the out-side," Lile seized the opportunity, and running to the bottom of the set, remained there, feeling she had done her duty. When Joe came down, seeing his partner standing still, he blundered across to her, and was told, "Stand still now Joe, we are through." He believed it, and thrusting both hands deep into his pockets, stood and rested with an air of relief. Every one smiled approvingly at Lile then, for it was not only a relief to her and Joe to have a rest, but to every one concerned.

How one boorish dancer can spoil the enjoyment of a whole set! Just as one unruly boy can disturb the peace of a whole neighborhood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TIME'S MAGIC.

THE fields were shorn of golden grain,
The stubble floor lay slumbering;
Bright yellow edged the willow leaves—
The very birds forgot to sing.

One day I snatched from tyrant care
And toil; and that one perfect day
Went forth, and by her dimpled hand
Across the fields led baby May.

The rose bush held no sweet, pink flowers,
But fruited deep with berries red,
And empty nests stood half revealed,
From whence the feathered blooms had fled.
The brook so noisy in the spring
Between the stones slipped silently;
A vague pain trembled round my heart
At all earth's mutability.

On, on to where the forest dark
A green wall hemmed the harvest field,
And from its depths strange whisperings
Spoke many a mystery concealed;
The baby hand clung closer yet,
Though brave eyes scanned the shadows green,
And leaning 'gainst a golden sheaf
She said: "I'll call the fairy queen.

"She'll change your babe to something else!"
The face was full of wise belief,
As in an earnest baby way
She scanned each green and fluttering leaf.
A forest bird with golden eye
In silence viewed the little maid,
A brown backed toad hopped up quite near,
Two rabbits looked, nor seemed afraid.

Some dreamy spell hung in the air,
I almost seemed to hear the sound
Of silver drums and buglers small
Making faint music underground.
And when she raised her finger small
And said: "I see the fairy queen,"
I half expected she'd come forth
With elfin courtiers dressed in green.

That golden autumn day is done,
Brief were the years that lie between;
My babe goes from my cottage door,
Time proved to be her fairy queen.
Another holds the dimpled hand.
Her face is radiant with delight
As out across the harvest fields
The forest shuts them from my sight.

Ellen Jakeman.

We would willingly have all our acquaintances perfect, yet we do not amend our own faults.

Our Little Folks.

BABY'S LETTER-BOX.

- a A Letter.
- b Baby's Letter.
- c Can you read it?
- l Let us see.
- e Easy words are in it.
- s See, it is all for you.
- s So read on.
- o On both sides there are words.
- n Nice, short words that you can read.
- s Such nice, short, easy words for Baby.
- a Ants dig holes in hard, dry ground,
- a And make of stones a heap, or mound.
- b Birds can fly and some can sing.
- b Bees work hard and honey bring.
- c Cows give milk so rich and sweet.
- c Cats like milk and mice to eat.
- d Dogs can see when it is dark,
- d Do you like to hear dogs bark?
- e Eggs are good when fresh and new,
- e Eat one, if you like, or two.
- f Fish can swim, and I could try.
- f Flies like sunshine, so do I.
- g Geese are white, or sometimes gray;
- g Go and see the geese, some day.
- h Hens lay eggs, I found a nest;
- h How do you like eggs done best?
- i Ice is nice for skates or sled.
- i Ink is black or blue or red.
- j Jump and hop, or skip and run,
- j Just to play and have some fun.
- k Kids are young goats sometimes wild;
- k Keep yourself a gentle child.
- l Lambs are gentle, kind and tame,
- l Let us try to be the same.
- m Mice are small but do much harm;
- m Milk is good when cold or warm.
- n New milk is the best, I think;
- n Nice with bread to eat, or drink.
- o Oats are good for horse or cow.
- o Ox or horse can help men plow.
- p Plow the ground, good man and ox,
- p Plant the seed from pail or box.

- q Quills come out of big birds' wings.
- q Queens have crowns, and so have kings.
- r Run and hop and skip and then,
- r Rest awhile, then play again.
- s Sing a song for baby dear,
- s Soft and low and sweet and clear.
- t Try to be, in every way,
- t True and good in work and play.
- u Up and down, and 'gainst the wall,
- u Under, over goes the ball.

A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE.

It was the last day of the old year. Jack Wellwood stood looking out of the window of his father's house; beside him stood his brother Will, in a very uneasy mood.

"Say Jack, it will be pretty dull this New Year's without a sleigh ride, won't it?"

"Yes it will, but I believe there will be snow before many days."

It had been a late fall, and what snow had fallen was pretty well gone, leaving the ponds, and the large lake near where the boys lived a large mass of water.

"If I was a boy I would try my new skates," said their father.

"Who can skate through ten inches of water and mush ice?" said discontented Will.

"Never fear," said his father, "there will be ice before morning. See it clearing away in the west?"

"I believe it will, father," said Jack. "Then we'll have a time, won't we Will?"

"I don't know. What shall we do? Go over to Uncle Tom's?" "I'd rather go to the east end of the lake and rob that bee's nest in the big pine." This suited Will. "How far is it, pa?"

"Oh, about five miles I guess. You can go if it freezes perfectly safe."

The next morning the slushy ponds, the roads, the lake, were one great mass of solid ice.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack as he raised on his arm in bed and perceived the frosty landscape. "Oh Will, look what a pretty field of ice to try our skates on and rob the bees. Won't we have a time?"

"You bet. I am glad there is no snow now," said Will, "We'll have a grand time today, especially if Ned Turner will go with us."

"I hope he will," put in Jack.

The boys soon had their chores done and bounded into breakfast. Their mother put them up a nice lunch, and taking an ax and a bucket they strapped on their skates, and started. They found Ned skating near his home and off they started. They reached their destination just before noon. Ned and Will busied themselves making a fire to eat their dinner by, while Jack was cutting down the bee tree. It was a frosty morning so the bees didn't bother much, and they got their bucket and lunch basket quite full of nice clear honey. They were enjoying a quiet dinner, when suddenly they heard the terrific howl of a band of wolves, not more than 300 or 400 yards distant.

"We're in it now," said Jack his face whitening. "We'll have a chase."

They took hold of hands, (Jack taking the ax) and started. They had made but a few strokes, when they heard the patter of feet behind. Now came a race for life. The boys by a great deal of hard skating and wheeling, had made about two miles of the way. Once a big wolf ran in front of Jack; they separated hands, and Jack with a lucky effort struck the wolf a stunning blow.

The other wolves stopped to examine their mate and the boys got quite a span ahead. But the wolves caught up again after a long chase. The boys were now within one and a half miles of home. They had hoped to reach there before their foes had caught up again, but in vain. Their shouts had attracted Ned's father, and he was seen coming with his gun. Jack had another close call, but he knocked his foe sprawling in front of him without being tripped. Will and Ned were quite a distance ahead, and Jack was having the fun. The six gaunt and savage creatures found it hard to catch him, for he was a splendid skater. He knew that the deep pool where his father watered his cattle, and horses was not frozen over, for he had cut the ice from there before he started that morning, that the animals might drink; and if he could lead the wolves there he would be safe.

Meanwhile Ned and Will were home, and Jack was nearly there. He succeeded in getting the brutes into the pool, and while they were getting out Ned's father slaughtered the band, not one escaping. The boys were indeed thankful to get home all right.

If Jack did get the worst of it, Ned and Will consider themselves as brave as he if he is sixteen. But I am sure their folks were glad to get them home safe and sound, brave or not brave.

Wm. White, Age 15.

THE child's first experiences remain with him permanently. The first color, the first music, the first flower, make up the foreground of his life.

THE art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius.

HOW THE MESSAGE WAS SENT.

WHEN George Morley's father found that it would be necessary for him to go to Europe in the interests of the railroad with which he was connected, he decided to take Mrs. Morley with him.

She had been in delicate health for some time, and he doctor had suggested that a sea voyage would benefit her.

But how about George? He was the only child, twelve years of age, and a pupil at the academy near to his parent's country home. It was yet three months till the summer vacation, and it would be wrong to take him away from his studies; so a plan was formed by which he could be left behind, and yet receive the best care and attention.

Robert Winchester, Mrs. Morley's brother, lived within a few hundred yards of the Morley home. There were no children in the house; George was a great favorite with his uncle and aunt, and a stay with them during his father's and mother's absence would be just like home. So Mr. Morley closed his house, and started with his wife for Europe, while George went to his uncle's and with him his favorite dog Rover who was faithful and intelligent, and the constant companion of his young master in all his rambles.

The village was a mile away, and Rover often went to the post office with letters, bringing back what mail there was for the family.

Saturday was of course a holiday for George, and it was often spent with Rover. On one of these days, Mr. Winchester started as usual for the city after breakfast, taking the hired man with him, the latter having suggested that he should go and get what seeds and plants were needed for the garden.

It was a beautiful spring day, and George was enjoying a swing in the

barn, when a boy from the railroad station came to the house with a telegram for Mrs. Winchester. She opened it. It was from her husband, and read:

"Come to the city at once. Important news."

Mrs. Winchester was agitated, and feared that a cablegram had been sent to her husband, telling him of some accident to Mr. and Mrs. Morley. Calling George, she said to him:

"Your uncle has sent for me. What shall I do? Neither of the servants are at home, and I can't leave you by yourself."

"Oh, yes, auntie!" assured George.

"I am not afraid. Steve (meaning the hired man) is likely to be back any minute; and, besides, I have Rover. It will be great fun to be all alone."

Mrs. Winchester was not altogether satisfied, but as it was only twelve miles to the city, and trains were running every hour, she felt sure that one of the servants would soon be home. So she hurried off to catch the train, and George and Rover stood watching her until she was out of sight. Fifteen minutes afterward, a buggy with two men in it was driven up the road and stopped at the gate. One of the occupants, well dressed and swinging a cane, came up the path.

"Is Mr. Winchester at home, my boy?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir," replied George. "He is in the city."

"Well, then I can state my business to Mrs. Winchester."

"But she's in the city, too, sir. Everybody is, except Rover and me."

"Ah, well, never mind," said the stranger, turning away. "Tell Mr. Winchester I'll drive over and see him tonight. My name is Bailey—he will remember me."

George, with Rover following him,

went to the barn to finish a rabbit hutch, which he was making. In the course of half an hour it occurred to George that he had left the front door open: so, leaving the barn, he crossed the yard and went into the house by a rear door.

He walked lightly, passing through kitchen and dining-room, and had almost reached the broad hall-way, when he felt sure he heard a murmur of voices somewhere near by. He stopped and listened.

No, he was not mistaken. Some one was in the library on the opposite side of the hall. The door was partly open, and, tip-toeing across, he peeped in.

With their backs to him, kneeling down opposite the safe and working to open it, were two men, one of whom he thought was the stranger who had asked for his uncle.

"I guess its all right," one of them was saying.

"Of course it is," replied the other, "that telegram did the business, and the hired man was squared all right. He won't turn up for a while yet. As for that boy and his dog, if they should come in, we can easily hush them. But hurry, and let's get the diamonds!"

George was a pretty badly frightened boy, but he stepped back quietly, hurried through the dining-room and into the barn, where he sat down, panting and trembling. What could he do?

Suddenly he thought of Rover and his fondness for letter-carrying. He put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a piece of string, a blunt pencil-stub and a scrap of brown paper, and wrote:

"Burglars here. Come at once.

"GEORGE."

Then, making a hole in the paper with his pencil, he passed the string through it, tied it with the message

around the dog's neck, and whispered: "Letter, Rover; quick."

The dog seemed to understand, and, springing through the door, he cleared the fence at a bound and was off.

How the next half hour passed George could never tell. He dared not leave the barn, and he did not know but that the robbers had got away. Suddenly he heard skouts and a scuffle in the house, and ran in just in time to see the postmaster and three men standing over the thieves with pistols drawn. At the same time, through the front door came Mr. Winchester and a city detective. As soon as the latter saw the man who had called himself Bailey, he exclaimed:

"Hello! Gentleman Joe! Got you this time sure! Allow me!" deftly handcuffing him and then his companion.

Explanations quickly followed. When Mrs. Winchester reached her husband's office, she learned that no telegram had been sent by him. For a minute or two both were puzzled, and then Mr. Winchester, suspecting that something was wrong, went to police headquarters and was given a detective to go home with him.

As for Rover, he dashed into the post-office like a cyclone, and the postmaster soon read George's message. The constable and two farmers, who were in the store, volunteered their services, and the four men got into a carryall, first tying up Rover, in the fear that, if he went with them, he might warn the robbers; but Rover made up his mind that he must also take a hand in the capture. Somehow or other he broke loose, and, just as the postmaster was telling the story, bounded into the house, insisting, by the loudest of barks, that if anybody was entitled to credit it was George and himself.

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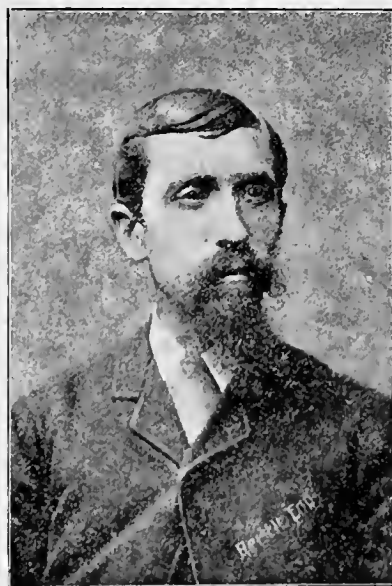
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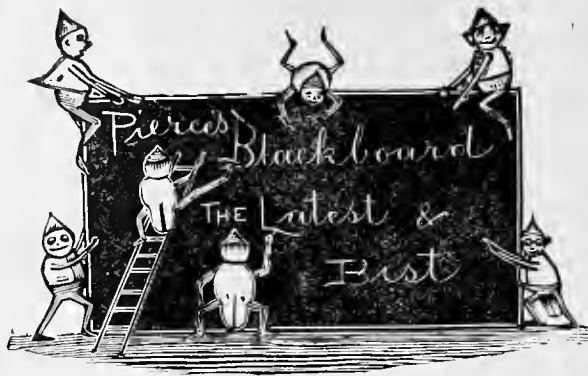
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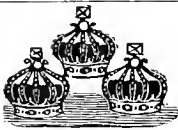
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